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SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingsworth Lumber Co. or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. Biletz tells him of the Freacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and alsees her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily's. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. claims title to the East Belt. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the fight Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. Poppy filts with Hampden and tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Peppy goes to Salem in search of svidence against Hampden, who has offered more money. Siletz goes to her friends the Silman and persuades them to work for Sandry to save the contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Siletz and Bandry talking together and becomes jealous. The big timber raft is started on its way, but is blown up and Sandry in Sandry to save the contract and he says that he is going after Hampden himself and "get him straight." Ma Daily shows Sandry Poppy's notes of his delirious talk. Poppy plays with Hampden, associate of a crooked partner of his father for the price of the Dillingworth Lumber Co, the associate dying the same night. Poppy goes back to Daily's and bints to Sandry that she knows his secret. CHAPTER XXII.

The Price of Peace.

Important events have a way of striking from ambush, without warning. So did the telegram which found Sandry idling among these women, so strangely mixed up with his life, who held together for his sake, though wide apart as the poles. It said simply, "Come at once. Mr. Wilton Sandry failing rapidly," and was signed by the famous specialist.

When the young man read it his face went white as a swooning woman's and the hands that held the yellow paper shook uncontrollably.

His lips set with a deadly illness and he stared unseeingly out across

"The incentive!" triumphed Poppy Ordway, "but oh, why must it take him from me just now! I hate it!" and sullen anger and disappointment flared for an unguarded moment in her eyes.

But the face of Siletz between its braids had suddenly fallen into the mold of grief, faithful reflection of Sandry's own, and she slid off the porch to step softly, unconsciously near, with her hands clasped in dis-

, An hour later the owner of the Dillingworth gave a hand to Poppy and Siletz simultaneously, looked from one face to the other, saw Love in the black eyes and the blue, and felt a pain at his heart that he could not explain.

Ma put a motherly touch on his shoulder and said a word that was simple and earnest and tender as her great heart. John took his last hurried orders, and Sandry was off in the rig he had telephoned for to Toledo.

Weak and sad and torn by emotions, he watched for two whole days the great West slide by his Pullman window-that wondrous West whose subtle charm had laid abiding hold upon his soul.

So at last he reached New York looked with odd unfamiliarity upon its gayety and life, and hurried to the great old house in Riverside drive.

Breathless, weak, scarce able to stand for the strain on his right limb Sandry paused with Higgins hovering adoringly around him in the dusky, draped hall before the magnificent room of the ivories and browns.

There was the ache of tears in his throat, a terrible horror of what lay behind the closed doors, an unendurable anguish of abnormal love, but he squared his shoulders, lifted his head with his old, jaunty air and entered He even called a smile to his lips.

In the high-canopied, copper-posted bed lay the old financier. The fine, old face with its pleasant tracery was marked by the hand of the Last Accountant, but it was still the face of a great and good man, still held its benignity, its kindliness and courtli-

Now, with Sandry's step, a mighty gladness fell upon it, a light of joy that was all-illuminating.

"Walter!" he cried out in a voice of momentary strength. "Oh, my son! My son!

And with a shudder to the boy's ears came an echo. "Absalom!" He dropped beside the bed, gath-

pred the white head in his arms, and rocked to and fro as women rock in anguish.

Presently Mr. Wfiton Sandry pushed his son from him with failing hands and gazed upon his face with the starved eyes of long-denied affection. "My boy!" he whispered brokenly. "my life's crown, the point of my

whole success!" The long, white hands quivered on Sandry's shoulders. The bright, blue eyes began to light marvelously "I am at the end of my journey,

Walter, and it has been a splendid journey-a grand journey-and I thank my Maker for it! I have been blessed beyond most men, beyond my deserts Your mother-she was above price-1 cannot estimate her by any method. She was my one love and I have never thought of another in all my long life. May you find her equal, my son, a pure woman with a heart of the gold of undying love. She was an Estabrookthe best blood in the country. She left me you-a son such as only she could

rightness-oh, what a son you are!" The great specialist, standing in the dera. curtained alcove of the window behind the empty wheeled chair, turned anxlously. Little Doctor Gentry came forward, hesitating.

"Not too much, Mr. Sandry," he warned, know-

The dying man looked up with that glowing fire in his keen eyes. "Have I not waited for this hour?"

he smiled. "Have I not held back the sickle of the Reaper for this one hour? Let it be full, my friend-this is my son-my son, of whom I am proud as Alexander of his conquered world!and I have him here. Let it be full! And Sandry, his heart like stone in

his breast, smiled back with the same blue fire of keen eyes.

"Old chap," he said lovingly, "we're a pair together-I owe what I am to you, sir-you have been my pattern."

"Tush, boy! You got your nature from your mother. Only your excellent grip of finance, your youthful ability, your forging qualities," here there was a ring om unmistakable pride in the words, "that, I do flatter myself I bequeathed you, and it is a good gift, a great gift when it goes with squareness, uprightness, and this you have to a supernatural extent. That was my last worry-the uncertainty as to gift of ability. You have removed it. I am at peace."

Sandry, looking full at the speaker, turned a dull crimson from brow to throat, but every nerve in his body thrilled with a reckless triumph.

"My own success has been my third great blessing. How great a blessing a satisfaction, a pride-a weakness, l may say, I am afraid to think.

"That I builded so well and held my completed structure through the continual changes and dangers of bustness life has been my rounding-out. the pleasant finish to my career. Now, boy, it goes to you-the fine, great structure of my fortune."

He ceased and smiled in an unbounded pride which proved his words and was as balm to Sandry's soul.

The son bowed his head in courtly acknowledgment of a magnificent gift, and his father went on:

"I have let you make your start with the bare purchase price of your under-



"My Boy!" He Whispered Brokenly.

taking, struggle along on insufficient capital, fight to make your ends meetoh, I know how it is in a new busi ness!-to prove you. Now the way is open and you will go far. I am-at-

With the last sentence there came a catch in the strong voice, a space between breaths. The specialist stepped quickly forward.

"Mr. Sandry-" he said warningly, but nothing could stop the last up rush of that indomitable spirit, the last flame of joy and hurrying communion for which he had lingered with one hand on the open gate of eternity.

"No"-he went on-"this is my hour. am full-of triumph. I'm singingmy swan song, Walter-and I'mashamed-to say-it is all on two notes - love - that's - all right-and pride. Pride, my boy-pride of lifeof-your mother's-love-of you-and -of-of my financial success!

He halted a moment and the specialist hurrledly gave him a few drops of

some powerful stimulant. "Oh, if I could have been here soon

er, sir!" groaned Sandry. "Hush! You-couldn't.

have-you now. That's sufficient. Just your dear face, boy-so like-hers-to be with me at the-last moment."

The gasping was more pronounced and Sandry, his face like ashes, raised the old man higher in his arms, holding him tightly against his shoulder He glanced appealingly at Doctor Gentry, who shook his head. Then the son smiled down bravely in the bright

eyes upon his face.
"All right, sir," he said simply. your word has ever been my law We'll hush if you say so. I thank God

"-satisfied. You're-a man, my-A man-and a good-son. I'm satisfied-nay-more-thrice blessed. Amen. A-

The word trailed off suddenly, leav ing the lips open. There was a long breath, broken abruptly. The eyes clessed naturally, slowly. The white head slid gently down from Sandry's

With a cry that rang through the room, Walter Sandry sprang up, lifting the body.

"Father!" he cried once terribly. Then he laid it back upon the bed. turning away with shaking lips. leave-and you have proved worthy of He clasped his hands hard behind her life. In character, intellect, up-

him, while Doctor Gentry came silent ly and laid an arm around his shoul in his soul was waging a seething turmoll of emotions-anguish and sol emn joy, shame and triumph, certainty

and uncertainty. "At peace!" he was thinking wildly. "At peace and content!" while before him his strained eyes came the thin page from Siletz' old Bible with its cry "Oh, Absalom! My son, my son!" wailed for the boy who fell from grace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Proof at Last. The summer was upon the hills with vengeance.

"Mighty onusual," said Ma Daily, "this here heat. Hottest it's been fer many a year; "it's a goin' to be a mighty dry season an' it's a-comin early.

Which prophecy seemed due to b fulfilled. A blue heat haze lay deep in the valleys, hung amid the hills. The deep floor of pine needles in the big woods was already dry as powder, and it was only late July. The camp was humming ahead with the work. They had exceeded their expectations in getting out logs, sending out more than they had planned.

Miss Ordway, still mistress of the my last worry—the uncertainty as to little south room, worked feverishly whether or not you possessed it—the at the new story of the timberlands. A bit of her brightness, some of her painstaking cheeriness, was gone with the summer's heat. She had thought that long before this she would have won, that the engagement she had so daringly announced would be a fact. She could not understand his holding out against her.

Sandry had made many trips to Salem, consulting with the lawyer bc had summoned from the East, who was turning heaven and earth in an effort to prove what Sandry knew to be true of Hampden, but it was unavailing. The young commissioner at Salem was "on to his job" and the weeks flew by with not one raveled end to the ball of fraud and deception and criminal intrigue which lay snug in the doctored records of the state land of luxuriously, and promptly jumped as fice. Miss Ordway had dropped her the door swung swiftly inward. Again filing for the time young commissioner was uneasily searching his offices for the two letters and a missing account boob. He did not faintly suspect that the last time he had seen them was during the visit to Salem of the charming new acquisition to the "ring" some of those days were still shroulded in a nebulous haze of mystery-red wine and red lips and a heady infatuation.

But things were approaching another change in Daily's lumber camp. One day in late July Sandry wrote several letters and Poppy Ordway, leaning familiarly over his shoulder. reached out a hand for them.

"I'm going up to the forked stick." she said languidly. "and I'll take them."

The dainty fingers were all Jut trembling with eagerness, for she saw that one of them was addressed to John H. Musseldern, at a town in New Jersey. There was none to observe her on the sunny Siletz road behind the low growth of spruce, and when she strolled down the little meadow again toward the cook-shack, that par ticular letter lay safe inside the bosom of her dress.

She went straight to the south room entered and closed the door. Her hands trembled violently, but there was no compunction for what she was about to do in her heart. She was pretty well armed with knowledge that would give her a hold on Sandry, in case she was forced to use it, but here, she believed, would be proof positive, the actual written word that she might hold before his eyes in some

hard event of the future. With strong excitement she slit the envelope, drew out the sheet and began to read. Faster and faster came her hot breath, redder and redder grew her cheeks, while triumph sparkled in her eyes. She moved slightly on her slippered feet, a little motion of satisfaction that set her garments whispering-as when the tiger, scenting its prey, squirms before the leap.

With eager haste she sat down at her typewriter and began to write. When she had finished an hour later, after long intervals of study, there lay under her hand a very creditable brief of the famous Whitby case-a verbaletter, a concise history of Walter Sandry's life since college, the notes in fied as his delirious words, and a copy packet inside its blouse. of this letter to Musseldorn. Taken

together, they made a chain of deduc | Ordway were strolling back. tions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Siletz squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his reached the camp she went directly voice she laid a jealous hand over the to her room. papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave overimpetus to the cautious motion and shoved them looked at Siletz, white and filled with a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall-hung ten tatively until the wind from the closing door, which as if it, too, were in strength. Miss Ordway knew by that conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean. rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, S'letz," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Siletz, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for



The Young Commissioner Was Un easily Searching His Offices.

a long time as they picked among the treasures from the tide-lands, and presently they fell in with the small, brown women and all disappeared around the bend in the Siletz road.

The aching fury began to rise in her at thought of those two, alone, leaving the women, idling back together. Perhaps they would climb the hills for a way, and sit together-perhaps-but here the sadness fell upon her that said she was unworthy.

Had he not kissed her, and was she not his woman? His eyes were true. and they had spoken things that bade her be calm. Not yet had she learned the lesson of his greatness that kept him always so quiet and sane, even

in trouble. There came a step beside her, a soft step padding on the worn, bare floor, and Coosnah came from the east porch, panting with the heat. leaned against the jamb of the door to the little south room, scratching Fate smiled impishly and sent at that auspicious moment the first good breeze of the warm day sucking up the valley. It caught the papers on the floor under the typewriter table, fluttered them daringly, and with a whistle and whoop bore them tumbling out across the swept boards of the eating-room floor, to lodge against the rocker of Ma's little chair.

The girl in the doorway turned, reaching out a half-unwilling hand to save her rival's property. Not yet had Siletz learned a tenth of Sandry's code, else she would have folded the packet and laid it aside.

instead, with the freedom of camp life and utter innocence, she began to read, wonderingly at first, then, as she saw Sandry's name, with hushed breath and parted lips. When she had fidished the first part she paused and stared out across the sloping lift of meadow, already sere and brown with the summer heat. Puzzled, but half comprehending, yet filled with a nameless fear, she felt her fingers shaking as she turned the page to Sandry's

Daily's Camp, Toledo, July 29, 19—
John H. Musseldorn—
The time of restitution has begun. As you made the structure of my father's fortune but a gutted and empty shell, so you alone have the knowledge and the cunning to fill it to its former substance, unknown to the outside world. Wilton Sandry is gone, but his pride remains and it must be upborne. Here is the remittance which I told you would some day be forthcoming. Take it and obtain the deed to the Meadowlands Farm which you sold, squandering the money. Put it in my name as part of the Sandry estate. No matter what you have to face to get it—get it. This is a threat. Remember that those proofs, which you and your accompilee thought destroyed, are safe in my possession.

"From time to time you will be called upon to manage the buying back of every piece of property, every horse on the breeding farms, every stock and bond that you, under the power-of-attorney which an honorable and trusting old man invested in you when he could no longer be about, sold—for your own profit.

Through travail and bloody sweat I kept my father in ignorance of his ruin until his death.

As I had no mercy on James B. Whithy for his share with you in the infamcusly legitimate deals which made Wilton Sandry an unconscious pauper, so will I have no mercy on you. You know what I know, and shake in your shoes because of it. So far so good. I shall expect the deed to the Meadowlands Farms as speedily as it can be arranged.

WALTER SANDRY.

Trembling with premonition of disaster to Sandry, Siletz sat holding tim copy of President Whitby's last the strange documents. A great anger began to well in her against the other woman. She opened the buttons of the red morocco book, plainly speci- her blue shirt and dropped the folded

On the Siletz road Sandry and Miss

stopped a moment at the forked stick. and Poppy Ordway dropped Sandry's letter, re-sealed, into the sack before his very eyes. It was a daring thing to do and it set her blood leaping for joy in her own coolness. When they

It was a long time before she came out again, and Sandry had gone. When she did she stood in the doorway and a towering anger, and Siletz, looked back as white. They were women pure and simple, and they matched in that moment their wit and their look that Siletz had those papersmore, that she knew their contentsbut she dared not say a word. If the girl should show them to Sandry, should destroy them— She was al-most on the point of flinging herself upon the slim, dark creature, risen along the doorpost, and fighting for possession of her property. But there was something sickening in the steady glint of those dark eyes, in the half-wild crouch of the slender body, and she only stood and held to the lintel, consumed with a wrath that could have killed.

But the wrath of Siletz was worse -it would have killed, forgetful of the Preacher, whose word had been her simple law of life, forgetful of Sandry. who had become her pattern in his sanity and judgment.

With an effort the woman moistened

her lips. "Did-did you find-a bunch of-letters?" she asked between her gripping

And Siletz, for the first time in her life, choked down her literal fear of damnation and lied.

"Lord, forgive me," she whispered first, and then, "No." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAR-CRIES USED BY THE JEW

They Are Many and in All Tongues, But Another One Is Said to Be Coming.

"The Jew has as many war-cries as there are tongues in Europe, for he fights with them all; and then be has hie own war-cry, that eternal tearful cry of his that in these days is rending the heavens over Russian and Galician Polands," E. R. Lipsett writes in the

"And still there is another and newer cry coming, the war-cry of the neutral Jew. To arms! to arms! O Israel! has arisen, the sudden thundering cry throughout the length and breadth of the New York Ghetto and all the other Ghettos in the larger cities of America.

"We know, of course, what are the arms of the Ghetto Jew; they are tongue and pen. By means of these it is intended to raise the Jew from the depths of his ashes and make him a live nation again. A congress of American Jews is to be called and it is to demand, at the conclusion of the war, or before it, the return of Palestine to its ancient owners. For the Jews are a nation, and they must have

a land and Palestine is theirs. "That is to say, in brief, that while nearly three-quarters of a million Jews on the European battlefields are at one another's throats, in vindication each of a different nationality, the Jews far away from the bursting shells and glittering bayonets are calling out to them: 'No, you are all in the wrong. For you are all one.'

"It is not for us to determine whether the Jews are a nation. It is not for one man to tell another what he should be. One is what one feels If the Jews feel themselves a nation, that is sufficient.'

Seals Again Plentiful.

Under the precautions taken to pre Alaska and the Pribilof islands the species has multiplied so rapidly that the bureau of fisheries now recom mends that the killing of male seals be resumed.

Ever since the signing of the pe lagic treaty between Russia, England. Japan and our own nation, prohibiting the destruction of cow seals upon the high seas, the government has taken an occasional census of the seals. The last of these fixed the number of seals owned by the United States at 301,844, as against less than so little about, will be revealed to him twenty thousand in 1906.

Besides fur, other possible use of the seal is being considered by the bureau The scarcity of the world's meat supply and the tremendous increase in seals as revealed by the last census suggest the shipping of seal meat to the United States for food. Those who have tasted it that meat from a young seal is deli clous in flavor and that seal steak would be a popular addition to a fashionable hotel menu.

The old British sergeant was out with the new squad of recruits on musketry exercise, range-finding, etc Pointing out a large house and giving the range, he asked if any of them could pick out any details about the house

"Yes, sir," answered Joe "There's a small well in the garden, lumps o' coal in a heap, and a birdcage in the front window."

"Well, my lad," said the sergeant you have remarkable eyesight What's your name and number? How is it you can see so well at the distance?

"Oh," replied Joe, "that's where A'm billeted, sergeant."

Large Russian Wheat Harvest. Russia in 1913, harvested 947,964,-000 bushels of wheat

EXCELLENT

Returning Tourists Speak Well of Their Treatment in Canada.

The Canadian Government, having made extensive preparations during the last few years to impart to the National Park system a degree of comfort and pleasure to the visitor, combining the best efforts of man with the very best gifts of creation, has now the satisfaction of seeing an appreciation of the efforts they have made. Tourists returning from a trip over the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways speak enthusiastically of the beauties that are revealed as these roads enter and pass through the mountains. The Government has spent enormous sums of money laying out roads, and developing easy means of access to glacier, hill, valley, lake and stream. For what purpose? That the wonders that Canada possesses in its natural parks may become more easily accessible and afterward talked about that a tourist travel through Canada would result. Tourist travel means business, and it is business that Canada seeks. To make it even more easy for this travel, the Government has taken pains to make every step of the tourist's entry into Canada one that will give the very least degree of trou-On crossing the border, there is only the ordinary examination of baggage, and the only precaution is that in the case of foreign aliens, and even In their case there is no difficulty when the officials are satisfied that they are not attempting entry as ene-

Although officials of the Government have taken every means to bring to the attention of the tourist and others that no difficulty could be placed in the way of their admission, there still remained doubt in the minds of some. Only the other day the Government took action again, and authorized the statement that no measures taken for recruiting the forces either have been or will be applied to any persons who are not ordinarily resident in the Dominion. Nor is it the intention to ask for volunteers except from among British subjects, resident in Canada, Moreover, the Military Service Act, under which conscription is applied in Great Britain, affects only persons "ordinar-

lly resident in Great Britain." Americans and British subjects resident in the United States who desire to visit Canada will find no more trouble at the border than they have experienced in the past, and upon arriving they will be made as welcome War conditions of any kind as ever. will not inconvenience or interfere

with them. The immigration authorities suggest that, as a precaution against inconvenience, naturalized Americans whose country of origin was one of those at war with the British empire. should provide themselves with their certificates of naturalization.

Europe, the planning of your vacation trip through Canada is one to give consideration to. The Government has taken an active interest in its National Parks in the heart of the Rocky mountains. These can be reached by any of the lines of railways, and the officials at these parks have been advised to render every attention to the visiting tourists, who in addition to seeing the most wonderful scenery in the world-nothing grander-nothing better-have excellent wagon and motor vent the extinction of the fur seals in roads, taking them into the utter recesses of what was at one time considered practically inaccessible.

In addition to this the tourist will not be inactive to the practical possibilities that will be before him as he passes over the great plains of the Western Provinces. wheat fields, bounded by the horizon, no matter how far you travel. The wide pasture lands, giving home and food to thousands of heads of horses and cattle. The future of a country that he before only heard of but knew in the most wonderful panorama, and imprinted in the lens of his brain in such a way that he will bring back with him the story of the richness of Agricultural Western Canada. And he will also have had an enjoyable outing.-Advertisement.

Hailed the Change.

"You look very smiling this morning, Toner," said Bailey. "I guess I ought to be. I went to a fortune teller last night and she prophesied immediate financial reverses," tled Toner.

"I fail to see anything very joyou." in that," said Balley. "You would if you knew anything about my finances," said Toner. "I

tell you right now that if they don't reverse pretty quick I'll be busted.' Willing to Oblige. "Have you found space for my poem

yet?" asked the party with the unbarbered hair as he entered the edi-"Not yet," replied the busy man behind the blue pencil, "but I expect to just as soon as the office boy finds

time to empty the waste basket.'

Science and Philanthropy. "Think of the lives science saves." "It all depends on whether your scientist is working with medicines or high explosives."